



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

say that this is the merit of the pencil—of the mere arrangement—of the delicacy of your touch, or the skill of your hand?—Not so. It is possible, I know, to make sketches by method alone; but this tame character, this want of charm and of interest, this ungrateful coldness, show more forcibly than words can express, the weakness of method, the superiority of Art, and what an immense interval separates these two things which are so often confounded together.

If painting then is an Art, and not a process—if with the poorest morsel of charcoal, upon a bare wall, a skillful hand can produce a scene full of life, grandeur, and interest, how at once the importance attached to implements is destroyed! how little can you depend for success upon the most exquisite pencils, the most superfine materials! Patience, skill, and time do less than the smallest spark of sentiment, thought, and genius. Finish, smoothness, altogether strangers to perfection, often quite opposed to it, show merely the invasion of method upon Art, the substitution of mechanical, for intellectual merit; the refuge and the token of barren mediocrity.

If you say that the end of Art in copying nature is only a strict imitation, as well assert, that the highest point to which Art can attain is to deceive the eye; and yet, to deceive the eye is one of the lowest rounds of that ladder upon which angels have ascended and descended. Rather recognize the fact, that imitation is the means, and not the end of Art. It is by imitation that Art operates—but not for it. It is the instrument of her conceptions; she cannot but be true and faithful to nature; but mere imitation is neither the result, nor the limit of her efforts. Nature, the source of all imitation, furnishes the elements—Art combines them: in Nature these elements are often confused, vague, and ill-arranged—Art chooses and disposes them in perfect harmony. Nature presents us the beautiful often in broken fragments—Art combines and arranges them. In Nature, finally, we see matter savage and dumb; it is Art which gives it a language, and clothes it with thought and feeling.

If these views are just, I can dispense with long details upon instruments and materials—I might even pass them by in silence; but having, as I hope, assigned to them their proper place, and the degree of importance to which they are entitled, I shall in a future essay consider them in their just relations to Art.

#### *Of India Ink—and how to know that which is good.*

India, or China ink, must come from China—that which is made in Europe is always poor. The Chinese alone possess the secret of the preparation of this substance, as remarkable for its tenuity as for the delicacy, and extreme divisibility of its tints. For this last quality India Ink stands, perhaps, in the first rank among colors; no other comprehends between its darkest and its lightest tone, so many intermediate degrees—not even sepia—although sepia is often preferred on account of its warmth. It is a preference

which I never accord—for, while the delicacy of tone of good India ink compensates for the warmth of the sepia, the latter possesses no counterbalancing advantages; it is of a comparatively coarse texture; it becomes dense under the brush, and holds the tint badly. Some painters endeavor to reconcile the two, by treating their distances with India ink, and their foreground with sepia. They are wrong. Instead of endeavoring to unite two opposite shades, it is better to keep to one color. I have observed that artists are often in love with sepia at first, but soon tire of its heavy warmth of tone, and end by fixing their affections upon the delicate paleness and pearly tints of its sister. The following rules whereby we may recognize good India ink, are from the excellent work of M. Merrimee upon these subjects:—

“It is of a shining black.

“Its substance is fine, close, and perfectly homogeneous.

“When used after standing, it never granulates; and it can be mixed freely with water, without forming any sediment.

“When it dries, its surface appears covered with a metallic gloss.

“It runs well from a pen—even at a low temperature; and, when dry on the paper, it will not cloud or change when water is passed over it.”

#### *Of Father Duhalde, and his receipt—and of the givers of receipts in general.*

Father Duhalde, in his History of China, gives us the very receipt used by the Chinese in the preparation of their ink.

“Take,” says he, “the plants *Ho-hiang*, and *Kansung*, the seeds called *Tehu-ya-tsoo-ko*, and sugar of ginger, after which”

\* \* \* \* \*

But, let us begin at the beginning. If you have your sugar of ginger, run to the nearest druggists, and ask for *Ho-hiang*, and *Kansung*, not forgetting *Tehu-ya-tsoo-ko*. If, when he hears these frightful names, he gets angry and expostulates with you, return to your Père Duhalde for explanation, and you will find that he explains himself no further on the subject. Certainly, I much prefer the receipt of the French cook, who says, when you would make a ragout, the first thing catch your hare, &c.

But, I am mistaken. Father Duhalde does explain himself, for further on he shows us, that the seeds, buds, or shoots of the *Tehu-ya-tsoo-ko*, are gathered from a little tree, and resembles those of the carob, except that they are different, being smaller, and of another shape; that the *Ho-hiang* is a plant analogous to the *Sou-ho*, and finally, that the *Kansung* is another plant, pleasant to the taste!

There you have it—now go and make India ink. It is only necessary to boil this broth, mixing with it some glue made of an ass's skin, and lampblack—the whole forms a paste, which, after being compressed in a mould and dried in the ashes, will furnish you with your stick of true India ink.

It seems to me, the above receipt is a trap set by Père Duhalde to catch simple people. The Jesuits are often great jokers, and this one no doubt amused himself with the idea of the druggists, botanists, and painters, whom he had set seeking their

philosopher's stone among the *Kansung* and the seeds of the *Tehu*, &c.

I have an idea that givers of receipts are generally fond of joking, even as far back as Aristotle. My cook, with no other help than the ends of her fingers, can make most excellent dishes; but, whenever she tries to make them after a printed receipt, no matter how carefully she mixes the ingredients, they are good for nothing—my dinner is spoiled, and my temper, also. Will any one pretend to assert that it is the fault of my cook?

I have also seen people, capable of making good verses of their own, possessed with the idea of compounding epic poems after the receipt of Aristotle, and dishing up finally, like my cook, the most lamentable ragout that could be imagined—a ragout of which nobody was willing even to taste. Whose fault is it? This same Aristotle, with his dialectical receipts, has he not mystified all the Middle Ages? And when he asserts that “*Tragedy must purge the passions by terror*!” is it not almost as clear as the seeds of the *Tehu-ya-tsoo-ko*?

In each new preface, M. Hugo remakes his receipt for Art; people accept it, compose after it—and what do we see? A crowd of books—disgusting, flat, full of false ideas! Whose fault is it? Certainly not the people's.

But, it is certain that Père Duhalde is the greatest jester of all; he enjoys particular advantages. However obscure the Greek of Aristotle—however strange the French of M. Hugo—for obscurity, oddity, impossibility, commend me to Père Duhalde and his Chinese!

*Ho-hiang—Kansung—Sou-ho—Tehu-ya-tsoo-ko!* How is it that such a language can be permitted to exist? And the same people, who, in their spoken language, cut up the words into such villainous little morsels, for centuries have persisted in writing them by a single sign! Who will say that they are beings like us!

#### THE RANGER.

BY JUSTIN WINNER.

Troconr is a hardy ranger,  
With pack of learned lore,  
At the house of many a stranger  
He knocketh at the door.

He offereth his treasures  
In barter for their kind,  
Regardless of short measures,  
He takes what he can find.

Like many a one beside him,  
Who roams the world around,  
He finds that men have tried him  
With payment of mere sound.

A right, undaunted ranger,  
He fights his way along,  
He meets besetting danger  
And suffereth much wrong.

He finds his choicest offers  
Are hurled aback untied,  
And men are arrant scoffers,  
If on another side.

A veteran of ages,  
Too honest to be bought,  
The champion of sages,  
Is this same ranger—Thought.